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Cut Glass Novelties.
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Cut Glass Ware.
Watches, Jewelry,
and Diamonds.

The largest stock of the finest

quality of goods at the lowest prices in the city. The Old and Reliable Wilson Block Jeweler.

L. M. BARNES,

Agent for the
WILSON AND BARNES'
Bicycles.

Your Stable....

Will be Much Sweeter and your Horses and Cattle will be Much CLEANER by the use of.....

Baled Shavings...

Oh, by the way, I neglected to state they only cost ONE-HALF as much as Straw.

Drop in at

ARNOLD'S

31 State Street.

and see about it.

F. G. FOUNTAIN,

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SUBURBAN NEWS.

Happenings of Interest in Our Neighbor Towns.

AT ADAMS TODAY.

This Year's Tax Rate is \$21—James by Dean Discharged—The Center Street Bridge Contract to be Awarded Tonight—Opening of Notre Dame Fair—The Woman's Relief Corps Lawn Fete—Bragger Brothers to Become Insolvents—The Flower Queen.

The Big Quilt Handicap.

The largest quilt handicap ever arranged for this town is the one which will begin at Zylouste Saturday afternoon. There are offered seven entries and four prizes are offered \$25, \$15, \$10 and \$5. Any man who is not on hand when his quilt is called will forfeit all right to contest. George Grant, the handicapper, has made the marks of the various starters as follows: Scratch, William Chalmers, John Malcolm, John Riech; two points, William McLaughlin, David Caddick, James McLaughlin, John Scotland; three points, James Rafferty, James Moore; four points, Harry Donohue; five points, David McKeljohn, Jr., Johnston Dawson, Thomas Fife, Archie Herbert; six points, David McKeljohn, John, William O'Brien, John Bryce, Thomas P. Welch, George Shand; seven points, William Gordon, William Morton, George Macdonald, R. A. Whipple, L. McDonald; nine points, Hank McAuley, William Taylor and Robert Groves.

James B. Dean Discharged.

The appeal case of James B. Dean for alleged violation of the liquor law, came up in the superior court at Pittsfield Thursday morning. Henry L. Harrington who appeared for Mr. Dean, introduced evidence showing that there had been family troubles between Arce, Walling who made the complaint and Mr. Dean, existing for the last fifteen years and that Mr. Walling's complaint was a result of this trouble. District Attorney Gardner conferred with Chief of Police Curran of this town after which he announced to the court that he and the officers had not previously known there was such feeling between the two men and he recommended Mr. Dean's discharge. The jury after very short deliberation returned a verdict of not guilty.

Matt Doyle, Cheshire rape fiend was held for the next term and in default of \$5000 bail went to the county jail.

Fair To Open To-night.

The Notre Dame fair will open to-night in the parochial church, opposite the church, on Columbia street. The hall has been tastefully decorated and the usual attractions of a bazaar will be offered to those who attend. There are many valuable articles to be disposed of. The gold watch contests, one among the Hoosac Valley Street Railway conductors and the other among several young women of the parish, are going to be hotly contested. The fair will continue this and Saturday evening of this week.

The Relief Corps' Lawn Fete.

The Woman's Relief corps will hold a lawn fete on John L. Barker's grounds this evening. The grounds have been trimmed and tables set and a large attendance is anticipated. One-half the net proceeds will go to the fund of the corps to set up a broken column in the Maple street cemetery and the rest to the Barker bell fund. If the weather is pleasant the fete may be continued Saturday evening also.

The Flower Queen.

The young people of the Congregational church will present the cantata, "The Flower Queen" at the Congregation house auditorium this evening. There will be about thirty voices all carefully trained in the parts of this production by Mrs. W. B. Plunkett. The rendition is sure to be successful and those who attend will be given a rare entertainment.

Thirteen Bids on the Bridge.

The selectmen opened the bids for building the new center street bridge Thursday evening. There were thirteen of them and the board did not have time to consider all of them and grant the contractors they postponed the latter part of it and the award will be made tonight.

Petitioned for Insolvency.

Bragger Brothers, the tea merchants of Maple Grove who were attacked by an Albany firm the other day, have petitioned the court that they may become insolvent, and have appointed Sheriff O'Brien deputy sheriff messenger.

The Tax Rate Settled.

Thursday the assessors arrived at the tax rate for this year which is \$21. This rate is two dollars higher than that of last year owing to the larger total in the amount of appropriations.

It is expected that about 200 persons will attend the Methodist Sunday school picnic at Pontouose Saturday. Tickets are good on all trains but the majority will go on the 8:07.

Dr. A. J. Bond has as his guests his brother's wife and son, Mrs. F. P. Bond and Bernard Bond of Middleton, N. H. Mr. and Mrs. Melville A. Arnold have returned home after an enjoyable vacation trip.

A twelve-inch surface sewer is to be laid from the number one Berkshire mill through Columbia to Maple streets.

Michael Tracy and Eddie Burns left Thursday for a short vacation to be spent in Springfield, Arlington, N. J., and other places.

Miss Blanche Whipple of Cambridge, N. Y., who was the guest of local friends returned home Thursday.

Wallace A. Prince of Springfield, was in town Thursday.

The band concert Thursday evening attracted a large audience.

Mary B., the four-months-old daughter of John and Bertha Hill of Beech street, died Thursday and was buried at 8:30 o'clock this afternoon.

A large crowd of Adams people went to Balahoe Rock at Lanesboro in one of Follett's buses Thursday to attend the Berkshire Historical meeting. Judge Kirby and Dr. Thayer of this town were among the speakers.

Wanted.—Two reliable men to collect and canvass. Good salaries to right parties. References and bonds required. Inquire of P. J. Stanton, Room 5, Collins block.

W. C. Phillips, who resides next door to the Methodist church, does good work as a painter and paper hanger. The number of his post office box is 531.

CHESHIRE.

Frank Monroe, gardener at the hotel, was gardener for Governor Morton of New York six years.

Miss Jennie Carrier of Winsted, Conn., is the guest of Florence Spencer.

Mrs. Henry Roncoe and son, Charles, reached home Thursday from a six weeks' stay at Skowhegan, Me.

The party of blind singers from Hartford, from the Industrial school for the blind of that city, passed through here Wednesday in a four-horse coach, stopping on the lawn for lunch in front of Cheshire Inn.

Miss Della McDonald of North Adams was the guest of William Chesbro Wednesday.

The Epworth league business meeting and literary entertainment will be held Monday evening.

The subject Sunday morning at the M. E. church will be the "Recognition of Our Friends in Heaven."

Landlord Blush has a large bundle of fishing tackle for the accommodation of customers who are experts at the business.

WILLIAMSTOWN.

Teachers' Appointments.

The school committee has made these appointments of teachers for the coming school year which will begin August 31:

High school, H. A. Strong, principal; Miss Mary J. Orton, assistant; Center school, Misses Quinn, Hale, Craft, Maynard, Smith, Whelan and Brookman; Station school, Misses Kellogg, Welch, Judd and Moore; Broad Brook, Mrs. McDonald and Miss Varney; Hemlock Brook, Miss Galsush; Sherwood, Miss Gordon; South Williamstown, Miss Ivanette Whitney; Hopper, Miss Emma Whitney; Burton, Miss Mullen.

James Sullivan of Blackinton and Mrs. Bridget Mahoney were married at the Catholic parsonage Thursday evening by Rev. Fr. Fallon. Michael Sullivan was best man, and Miss Nellie Cleary, bridesmaid.

A close ball game is expected Saturday when the North Adams nine meets the Williamstown on Weston field. The game is called for 3 o'clock.

To Rent.—A desirable tenement of four rooms on John Street. Inquire of Thomas Murphy, John street.

POWNA.

Mrs. A. G. Parker died this morning at 5 o'clock. The funeral will take place Sunday from the house at 3 p. m.

Great Britain's Checkmate.

We English go our own way, so far as we can see, with very little regard for anybody's susceptibilities, and we must suffer other powers to go theirs, interfering only when the injury becomes serious enough to require something more dignified than shrill remonstrance. The other powers suspect us at least as hotly as we suspect them, and with this extra justification—that, as they see quite clearly, our power reaches everywhere, our broad reach is always open, and though we protest that we respect as regards ships, we are a feeble folk, yet whenever need arises in Europe, Asia or Africa there are the troops ready to march forward, and as a rule, executing their orders with the kind of precision that generals admire.

We are not Little Englanders by any means. On the contrary, we hold that the future of the world depends greatly upon the strength of the British empire and its ability to take a leading part in controlling and guiding Africa and Asia, but if we are to carry out such ideas as we are now carrying out in eastern Africa, we must suffer the usual powers of Europe to carry out theirs. It is folly to claim east Africa, as we are practically doing, from Alexandria to the Cape and at the same time worry about France on the Niger or Russia in northern China and Manchuria.

We are getting into a position in which we seem to our neighbors to lie around the world like the serpent of the Norse mythology, and then we are angry because they watch us jealously and try to do little enterprises on their own account.

It is like a quarrel among neighbors about footpaths, and we cannot honestly extend the courtesy which we owe to the patience or the fearlessness of the best cause, much less the tranquillity of those who are sure alike of their rights and of their power to enforce them. Fancy Great Britain on one day summoning slinks to garison, Sudan and on the next evening along beside a Russian shipwrecking company has bought some swampy land at Chifu and stopped or not stopped some English owners' access to the sea.—London Spectator.

The Mud Flats of British Guiana. The rivers of Guiana are so surcharged with alluvial that the sea for 50 miles from the coast is dark and turbid, and as the alluvial settles and the mud banks are extended the country back more forward, ever reclaiming the new forelands and waving war with the incoming tide.

Now and again in times of gale the rollers tear up the mud flats and make a great gap in the natural fascines, but though there may be isolated defects, the general tendency is that of victory for the land.

Thus have the mud flats been formed, the deposit a hundred feet or more in thickness—a wonderfully rich soil for the sugar cane, a poor foundation for heavy buildings, but a perfect barrier during seismicological disturbances.

Behind the mud reefs come the formations of primary and metamorphic rocks, granitic rocks and ranges of sandstone mountains, rising by terraces into an elevated tableland of savannah. Where the mud flats and the great belts of forest begin, stretching for 100 miles or more inland and forming towering walls of timber and foliage along the great waterways.

The river system is on the grand scale peculiar to tropical America. The country, in fact, is cut up into innumerable rivers grouped about the courses of the largest streams, the Essequibo, the Demerara, the Berbice and the Corentyne.—Macmillan's Magazine.

OFF GEORGES BANKS.

Off Georges banks the sun went down in crimson splendor gleaming. As the sun set the sea was still. With graceful pennant streaming. And in her wake across the blue A stormy petrel flew.

Then from their ambush crept the winds. To wake such sweeping blast. And as their grasp the strong mast shook Like slender twigs of willow. And, struck by white of foaming spray. The good ship bore away.

Through darkling clouds the lightning clove A jagged path asunder. And in the gloomy vaults o'erhead Deep rolled the sudden thunder. While high above unnumbered graves Up leaped the hungry waves.

Gray rose the dawn, and dreamily. The sun came up all slowly. His first beams touched a white, white face Among the seaweed lying— A dead face leashed to floating plank Drowned where—off Georges banks.

—Ernest McGaffey.

Then seaward from the lonely reefs The sun came up all slowly. His first beams touched a white, white face Among the seaweed lying— A dead face leashed to floating plank Drowned where—off Georges banks.

LOST AND FOUND.

The following manuscript came into my hands about 60 years ago. My friend John Williams, the writer of it, was at my house on a visit. I should rather call him the friend of my father, as he belonged to a generation previous to my own. He took a great fancy to me when I was a boy and often told me his story. One day, when he was in a peculiarly communicative mood, I persuaded him to write it out, which he did, on condition that it was not to be published during his lifetime. As he has been dead now 40 years and all the members of his immediate family have passed away, there can be no impropriety in offering it to the public. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that, after a lapse of 60 years, it was necessary to make a copy of it, as the original ink had faded very much.

I, John Williams, had just completed my college career, which had been neither better nor worse than that of thousands of others. A slow, plodding mind was all that nature had given me within, and red hair, a freckled face and a rather ungainly figure were what the destiny upon me without.

"John will never see the river side," was what my father had once said of me. Dear, kind old man, he did not know that I was within hearing distance or he never would have said it. But, although the remark was gall and wormwood to me at the time, it spurred me on to exertion, and I made much better use of my time at college than I would otherwise have done.

Mary Mercer, a daughter of a near neighbor and intimate friend of my father, had been my lifelong companion and friend. We were opposites in every particular. She was beautiful, and I was as has been described. She was graceful, and I was not; but, owing to our secluded lives, we had been thrown much together, and her charitable disposition had been accustomed to overlook many of my imperfections. An admiration amounting almost to worship had risen in my mind when I saw her after my four years' absence at college.

I had left her a sweet, attractive child, and I found her on my return a woman much as my fancy had never pictured.

"Of course there could be but one result. I had never been in love before. I certainly was now, and I was not long in making known to Mary my feelings. Mary's conduct on the occasion afforded the first instance in which I had known her to avert in the least from what was the obvious truth. She was confused, blushed slightly and declared that I had taken her so much by surprise that she did not know what to say; she had never thought of me in that light, and I must really give her a little time to think the matter over. I knew at the time that Mary was flitting.

No woman was ever born with one-half of her sense without finding out such things long before they were ever spoken to her. But there was no help for it. She had the game in her own hands and evidently intended to play it to suit herself. She asked for a week to consider the matter. I insisted that two days were enough, but she was resolute, and with a very face, I had to submit.

One stipulation was that I should not attempt to see her during that time. I thought this was rather hard and said so, but she was even more positive than before, and I yielded with the best grace I could.

In order to give her no excuse for further delay I set off the next day to visit a college friend and staid at his house five days. It took a day to reach his house and a day to return. Thus the week passed away, slowly enough for me, and I am afraid my friend found me a dull companion. Promptly at the end of the specified time I presented myself as Mary's house. To my dismay I found it full of company. I had been there only a few minutes when I learned that the friends had been there ever since the day after I left. I scanned Mary's face, actions, manner and reception, but could make out nothing. She was kind and agreeable, but that had been her ordinary manner, and no conclusions could be drawn therefrom.

I found no opportunity to say a word to her in private until my visit was over. As I went to the front door on my way to my house, which was just in front of the house, she came out to the porch with me, as had been her habit on previous occasions. As I bade her goodbye I asked, as calmly as I could, though heaven knows my heart was beating so loud that I knew she must hear it:

"Well, Mary, what is my fate to be?" "Really, John," she said, "you must give me one day more, and I promise you to give you my final answer then. The house has been full of company and my time has been so fully occupied that I have scarcely had time to sleep. Every night since you were here I have gone to bed so weary that I went to sleep as soon as my head touched the pillow. My mother has been sick, too, most of the time, and my hands have been full. I assure you."

I suppose she must have seen my blank look of disappointment, for she added in her softest tones: "and no voice could be better than hers: 'Come, John, be a good boy tomorrow, and I will send you my answer tomorrow by letter.'"

And thus we parted. I went home with hope deferred. The next day came

and went and I heard nothing. The sun sank in the west, and my heart sank with it. My heart was in my boots for many a day, but pride finally came to the rescue, and the 1000 miles I tried to forget Mary and the whole female sex.

Feeling that it would be impossible to have any peace of mind with Mary so near, I planned a long trip to Europe. It had always been my father's wish that I, his only son, should take this trip, but I had always opposed it, thinking that he could not afford it, for he had two daughters, both younger than myself, and I longed to see them take that position in society which a good education only can give. And, while this European trip would not have seriously interfered with my wishes for my sisters' advancement, I knew that it would entail an amount of economy at home that I did not like to think of. But, seeing my depressed spirits and perhaps guessing the cause, my father renewed his persuasions, set forth in glowing terms the advantages to be gained, which none knew better than he himself, as he had been quite a traveler in his youth, and finally overcame all my objections.

My trunk was packed; passport and guidebooks were provided; arrangements were made for the necessary funds to meet my expenses, but not a word came from Mary, although she must have heard that I was ready to go. Father, mother and sisters bade me a sad goodbye, and I was gone.

A few days after leaving home I sailed from New York and in due time landed in Ireland. It took me a month to see all that I wanted to see of that country, and I spent two months in Scotland, three months in England and proceeded to Paris, determined to stay long enough in France to learn the language thoroughly. I spent six months in Paris and the rest of France, and I might have spent six more if I had thought my father could afford it. But I knew his resources were not abundant, and so I hurried on into Germany, devoting a year to that country, Switzerland and Italy. I was on the point of winding up my trip with a few months in Spain, when a slight incident caused me to turn my face toward home with as much haste as if a legion of devils was behind me.

Preparatory to going into Spain, I had taken a Spanish grammar out of my trunk with the intention of brushing up my knowledge of Spanish, which had become quite rusty from long disuse. As I opened the book a small letter addressed to me in Mary's well known handwriting fell out. It was without postmark and was sealed.

I tore it open, with a beating heart, for her image was as fresh in my memory as on the day I parted with her at her door. It was very short, and I observed that the date was on the next day after I had last seen her. This was the whole letter:

May —, 18—. MARY. Only four words besides the date. I then remembered that I had been looking over my Spanish grammar on the very day this letter was written, had closed off fast a map of a few weeks' duration and had left the book open on the table beside me. I had been aroused suddenly by some one calling me, and as it was nearly dark when I awoke, I must have shut up the letter in the book without seeing it.

Everything was now clear, and Mary had done all that I could have wished. I took the first steamer for New York, and never did a man cross the Atlantic ocean with greater anxiety. Well might Mary have remained silent after such a note. I reproached myself a hundred times for never making any inquiries as to the causes of her silence and cursed my foolish pride along with my reproaches.

As soon as I got to the end of my journey I went directly to Mary's house, even before going to my own home. She was decidedly cool toward me, though it had been years since we had seen each other. But when I explained the matter, she seemed fully satisfied, and we were married in a few weeks.

I afterward learned that the letter had been duly sent by a trustworthy messenger, who had come into my room, and finding me asleep, had left it at my elbow, supposing, of course, that I would see it when I woke up.

Many years have passed away since these events took place, and there is a little Mary now running in and out as I write, who bids fair to equal her mother in beauty. And nothing pleases her so much as when I tell her the story of my finding mamma's letter in my Spanish book on the borders of Spain. Said letter is now framed and glazed and hangs above me. It has often been taken down and hidden by my wife, and many threats have been made to burn it up, but I always manage to find it and bring it back.—New York Evening Post.

Stowe House, the residence of the last line of the dukes of Buckingham and more recently of the Count of Paris, is offered for sale. It was of Stowe House that Pope wrote to Bolingbroke, "If anything under paradise could set me beyond all earthly cogitations, Stowe might do it." It belonged till the reformation to the canons of Osney, near Oxford, then it went to the Temples, and through them to the Grenvilles. The grand front of the house is 900 feet in length. The gardens, roses and collections of trees are among the finest in England.

Denim Covered Floors. Both blue and brown denim make good coverings for nursery floors. They should be laid over a thick layer of the wadded paper used for lining. White fur rugs are the best for the background. In using denim of any kind, be careful not to use too much of it or you will have a room that has the effect of having on overalls.

Stuckien's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Burlington and Darby.

Cure For Hay-fever. As a remedy for all forms of headache Electric Bites has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bites cures by giving the nerves tone to the bowels, and new cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at Burlington and Darby's Drug Store.

NATIONAL CANTONMENT

PATRIARCHS MILITANT, I. O. O. F.

Buffalo, New York, August 5-6-7.

Arrangements have been made by the Patriarchs Militant branch of the I. O. O. F., for a national cantonment to be held in the city of Buffalo, August 5-6-7.

It will be the largest, and grandest gathering this branch ever held. The grand parade will take place on the afternoon of August 5.

Many excursions have been arranged for; to Niagara Falls, Niagara River, and Lake Erie, and hundreds of other places of interest.

Canton Colfax has extended an official invitation to all Old Fellows, and their friends to join them on this grand excursion which will leave North Adams on Tuesday evening of August 4 at 8 P. M., on a Special Wagner car.

A special rate has been secured for the round trip at \$2.00.

Hotel accommodations have been secured at a low price at one of the best hotels in the city.

For accommodations, or any information, apply to Clerk of Canton.



W. A. CLEGGHORN, Clerk.
33 Holden St.

Office of The School Committee.

North Adams, Mass., July 30, 1894.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at this office on or before Monday, August 13th, at 4 o'clock P. M., for all labor and material required in the construction of brick pavement and sidewalks in Drury Lane, according to plans and specifications, copies of which may now be obtained at the office of the City Engineer.

. MARK DOWN SALE.


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Refrigerators, Oil Stoves
. . . And Gasoline Stoves


buying these of

W. E. DENNIMAN

W. E. PENNIMAN 
North Adams, . . . 98 Main St.


ODD FELLOWS' CLAM BAKE

AT

COLE'S GROVE

FRIDAY EVENING.

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 Stories, Choice Illustrated
Agricultural and Woman's
Departments, Full Local
News of Northern Berk-

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THE GREAT

Battle

OF NOVEMBER 8 ARE ALREADY WELL UNDER WAY. A NEW
President of the United States
IS TO BE ELECTED, AND THE
NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE
will, as always, be found in the thickest of the fight, battling

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